

THE LIGUORIAN

In the Service of

OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

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THE LIGUORIAN

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AUGUST, 1931

No. 8

Wings of the Morning

Wings of the Morning opening bright

What do you say of the day?

Bathed in the dew of the purple night—

Wrapt in your plumes of purest white—

As the dancing sunbeams play?

Wings of the Morning, bring you peace

As the wheeling earth rolls on—

A gentle touch for some heart's release?

A mead of hope that a care may cease

In the breast where the light hath shone?

Wings of the Morning, What have you here?

Your gift be it dark or gay—

Fresh from the Hand of God to cheer—

Whate'er it be it brings no fear—

'Tis His for the coming day.

Wings of the Morning flashing wide—

Shine till the west doth glow.

Over the sparkling skies now ride—

Bearing your message till eventide—

Softly now onward go.

—Bro. Reginald, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

MARRIAGE LAWS OF THE CHURCH

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

Molly, the priest's housekeeper, tapped gently at his study door, tiptoed noiselessly across the room, dropped two exquisite calling cards on the desk before him, bowed respectfully, and started to leave the room in silence. The performance was perfect—too perfect, Father Casey thought. He glanced at the cards, and straightway found the solution. Distinguished company! On one card: "Mrs. G. Robin Querm." On the other: "Miss Yvonne Gloria Querm." The Querms had recently purchased a palatial suburban mansion which was technically within the limits of St. Mary's Parish—though the new occupants had not yet been seen in St. Mary's Church.

The priest knew well that Molly's keen eyes were on him when he glanced at the cards. He did not move a muscle of his face, but kept on reading. "She is dying to make a comment," he thought. "She'll never be able to get out of the room without it." He kept on reading. Molly reached the door, had considerable trouble with the latch. The priest kept on reading. She finally got the door open, bowed again, and slowly, slowly closed it. The priest relented; such heroic self-conquest deserved a reward.

"Molly, Molly," he called.

"Yes, your Reverence." In the twinkling of an eye she was back beside his desk.

"I don't know what in the world to do about these callers. Some poor woman wanting me to find a position for her daughter, is it?"

"A position for her daughter? Indeed and 'tis not, then," she sniffed. "Their grand auttymobil is standing forninst the gate this minute with a liveried driver *and a footman*. They're the Querms—the new people, don't you mind?—in the big house on Tramonto Drive."

"The Querms? Oh, yes, yes, the Querms.—Seem to be nice people?" he asked maliciously.

"Their clothes are nice, however," was the non-committal reply.

"But this *Miss Querm*? I thought the daughter was married—a Mrs. Somebody-or-other."

"She was that same. But we do have a divorce judge in this town that can make a Mrs. into a Miss, begor."

The two callers greeted their new pastor with a degree of genteel enthusiasm that quite surprised him and set him wondering.

"We are making our first visit to our new pastor on a joyful errand." Mrs. Querm smiled a gay little smile. "— to make arrangements for the marriage of my daughter, Yvonne." Yvonne blushed a demure little blush.

("Oho! And that accounts for all the sunbeams," thought Father Casey) "On what date were you planning to have the wedding?" he asked to gain time.

"The exact date has not yet been fixed—probably some time in June."

"Oh, June is still far away; at least five months yet."

"We wanted to speak to you in good time so that you would not be inconveniently hurried in—er—making the preliminary arrangements."

"That was very thoughtful indeed. Some people cause the priest no end of trouble by neglecting to notify him in time of a contemplated marriage. However, when a good Catholic girl and a good Catholic man have set the date, four weeks in advance is ample time to notify the pastor. There are no complications to adjust; all he needs are three Sundays for the publishing of the three banns."

And now Mrs. Querm frowned a little frown. Those stupid priests do not help one at all when one has an embarrassing acknowledgment to make. Well, she must say it sooner or later. "You see, Father—I think it proper we should tell you—Yvonne was married before."

"What! A widow already, and she so young!"

Yvonne smirked and looked as babyish as she might.

"Well, not *exactly*," Mrs. Querm admitted. "You see we were terribly disappointed in her first husband—terribly. He was cruel and heartless."

"And he didn't like Mama—and he said the awfulest things—and—and—" The innocent young thing was too far overcome to proceed; she fished out a tiny square of embroidered lace from her handbag and dabbed at her left eye (but kept the right one on the game).

Mama's turn was next. "Yvonne had to leave him," she explained. "It was the only alternative to becoming a nervous wreck."

"You consulted your former pastor before taking this momentous step, of course," Father Casey suggested.

"No, we really did not," Mrs. Querm answered for her daughter.

"We didn't want to make any fuss—have everything done as quietly as possible. Of course, for protection (she did not add, "and alimony"), Yvonne had to go through the formality of a civil divorce."

"And the children?" the priest inquired.

"Oh, dear, no! There were no children. I had warned her against that. She was a mere child herself."

Father Casey said a fervent prayer and made a mighty effort to keep himself under control. "Just another case," he thought, "of Catholicity diluted with worldliness until it ceases to be Catholicity—just another hopeless case. Such people have rejected grace after grace until they have finally become insensible to any supernatural appeal." But if patient entreaty could not win them, angry rebukes certainly could not. How bitterly he had regretted losing his patience on former occasions like this! "Steady, Tim. Steady, Tim. Don't come out with anything you'll be sorry for." This he said to himself; to Mrs. Querm he said: "Was your daughter married by a priest?"

"Yes, indeed. With a High Mass in the Cathedral. The Vicar General himself performed the ceremony. He had known Yvonne and her husband since they were children."

"Then," said the priest, "we can be sure the Vicar General saw that everything was done properly. It was a valid marriage. Your daughter, Mrs. Querm, is a married woman. Having one husband living, it is impossible for her to marry another."

"Yes, we understand that very well; but we would like for you to appeal to the Pope to have the marriage annulled. That is why we are coming to you so long before the wedding, so you will have time to carry on all the—er—necessary negotiations."

"My dear lady, the Pope does not *annul* marriages."

"Oh, perhaps I do not use the right word. But just have him do whatever it is he does, you know, so that Yvonne will be free to marry the only man that she can love."

"The word you use, Mrs. Querm, is quite correct and perfectly clear, but the idea in your head is absolutely false. Yvonne and her husband have been united in Christian marriage, duly performed and consummated. No power on earth—not even the Pope's—can break or annul such a marriage."

"But, Father, if you would explain to him—I am sure he would see—tell him the circumstances—who we are, you know—how much this

means to us—that we are ready to—er—that no amount of money—”

“You mean, buy off the Pope?” The good man was losing his temper after all.

“Oh, Father, I shouldn’t say it in that way.”

“You shouldn’t say it in *any* way, because it is a mortal insult to the Vicar of Christ. I know you are rich! I presume this prospective husband is rich. But are you as rich as the King of England? Can you offer all the souls of the British Empire to have Yvonne’s marriage broken? Can you do that?”

“Of course not.”

“And even if you could, the Pope would not attempt to do what he has no power to do—break a completed Christian marriage. When Henry the Eighth offered him all that, he simply answered *non possumus*—I cannot do it.”

“Why go back to Henry the Eighth?” Yvonne forgot her babyish pose and shot the question at him. “Within the last few years many people took their case to the Pope. They got a favorable decision when they were able to pay the price.”

“Just a moment; I have some data on that question.” Hurrying into the study, he opened the case where he filed away important information. He was thankful too for this brief interruption; it gave him a chance to cool down. “Here,” he said, returning with a typed card, “is the latest official record I have secured. It is for the year 1929, which is a fairly representative year. During that year 58 cases were appealed to the Pope—just 58 cases from the whole world:—30 were rich persons; 28 were poor, so poor that the Pope had to give them a lawyer to plead their case gratis before the examining tribunal. He always does this when the parties are not able to pay a lawyer. Of the 30 rich cases, only 8 were admitted as invalid; of the 28 poor cases, 12 were admitted as invalid. Which proves that the Holy See gives its decisions, not according to the money, but according to the facts.”

“It shows, too, that the Pope breaks marriages,” snapped Yvonne.

“Breaks marriages—NEVER. He examines marriages; if the testimony shows, beyond doubt, that the marriages have never been validly contracted, he officially declares that fact, and tells the parties in question that, since they have never been truly married, they are still free to enter marriage.”

“Breaks marriages or finds marriages invalid—it’s the same thing.”

"Is it the same thing to find a cinder in your eye or to put one there? Was it the same thing to make America and to discover America? Columbus did the one; only God could do the other. The Pope, after a thoroughgoing judicial examination, discovers that certain marriages are invalid. He does not make them invalid. They were either valid or invalid from the beginning, irrespective of whether he discovers it or not."

"When the Pope really wants to discover a marriage invalid, he can always dig up some reason."

"The Pope could 'dig' until doomsday without finding any new reason for invalidity. All the reasons are printed clear and concise in the Code, that is, the Book of the Laws of the Catholic Church. All together they take up only three or four pages.

"But in Latin so we cannot understand them."

"Latin is no secret code for priests. Most educated people know Latin. It is true these laws were framed in Latin, but they were immediately translated into all living languages."

"Then how is it we know nothing of the causes of invalidity?"

"Because you are too lazy to study your religion—or too indifferent to listen to pastors and missionaries when they explain the laws of matrimony. Besides," he added to take away some of the sting of this remark, "you really do know most, if not all, of the reasons."

"What are some of the causes that make a marriage invalid from the beginning?"

"If one of the parties," said Father Casey, telling them off on his fingers, "already has a living husband or wife (Yvonne winced)—if one of them has not reached the valid age—if a Catholic does not marry before the priest or marries a person who has never been baptized—if one of them clearly did not mean what he said when he pronounced his consent or if he made that consent absolutely dependent upon a condition contrary to the essence of matrimony—if they were related within the third degree of kindred—if one of the parties was unjustly forced into the marriage under threat of grave harm. These, and a few others less frequent, are the only causes that would render a marriage invalid."

"You mean to say these are the only ways the Pope has arranged for breaking a marriage, no matter how unhappy it may be?" demanded Mrs. Querm.

"My dear Madam," cried the priest, "(God help us, has she no brains?). The Pope has made *no* arrangements for breaking marriages. A complete Christian marriage cannot be broken. These laws—some divine, some natural, some ecclesiastical—have been made to protect marriage, to safeguard marriage, to force people to marry in the right way, the way best calculated to ensure happy marriages. These laws are so important that, if the parties disregard one of them, their marriage is invalid, it is no marriage at all. If the parties know their marriage is invalid, they are not allowed to live as man and wife. Neither may they separate and marry others, for they are publicly and officially considered married. What can they do? Appeal to the Church. An ecclesiastical court is convened. All the testimony and all the witnesses, pro and con, are examined in this court. There must be a lawyer to plead each side so that the entire matter will be thoroughly threshed out. If the court decides that the marriage is invalid, the case must be appealed to a higher tribunal and re-examined, so careful is the Church to protect the marriage bond. If the higher courts also are convinced that the marriage was never validly contracted, the fact is officially and publicly proclaimed. Then, and only then, may the parties contract a new marriage."

Before he reached the end of his explanation, the two ladies had risen.

"Being devout Catholics," murmured Mrs. Querm, "we had planned on Yvonne's being married at a Solemn High Mass. But since you will do nothing for us, we shall be forced, to our great regret, to forego the church ceremony."

Standing at the window and sadly shaking his head, Father Casey saw the footman open and close the limousine door and the liveried driver press the throttle and whisk them away. "Just another case," he soliloquized, "where they prefer to condemn themselves to hell for all eternity rather than suffer the passing inconvenience connected with the keeping of the law of God."

"Show is not substance; realities govern wise men."—*Penn.*

"Morality without religion is only a kind of a dead reckoning—an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies."—*Longfellow.*

The Consecrated Palette

BROTHER MAX SCHMALZL, C. Ss. R. 1850-1930

PETER J. ETZIG, C.Ss.R.

"CITY OF THE SOUL"

In his forty-third year, Brother Max was given an extended trip to Italy. In all he made three journeys to Rome, of which the first was in 1883. On January 29th of this year the Redemptorist lay brother Gerard Majella was to be beatified, and the Provincial, Very Rev. Father Schoepf sent Bro. Max with Father Wiggermann to attend the festivities. He enjoyed that trip immensely and reaped very much from it, for he made it the proximate preparation for his work in the Kraiburg church. The audience with Leo XIII was an inspiration; the visit to the places consecrated by St. Alphonsus, a positive delight. Seeing Naples anterior to Il Duce's vigorous application of the broom, he did not agree with the Neapolitan's boast: See Naples and then die, although the sight of a cow ambling leisurely down the street and entering a house to be milked, appealed to him as funny beyond expression. Pompei left him cold, although he was very much interested in the shrine of Our Lady of Pompei, ten minutes from the ruins. The work of Fra Angelico in Florence delighted him, while the Franciscan spirit of Assisi lingered with him a long time.

This trip opened up the way for other commissions. Kraiburg was scarcely finished (1897) when we find him in Rome working on the decoration of Sant' Alfonso, the Redemptorist Shrine of Our Mother of Perpetual Help. The architecture of this pretty Gothic church was attended to by a Redemptorist lay brother of the Paris Province; Bro. Max planned and sketched in color all the decoration and figures, which were executed by the well known Italian master, Cisterna. By those who know, the work in this church has been pronounced as worthy of Byron's "City of the Soul."

In the district of Rome called the Prati, stands the beautiful gift of the Catholic world to Leo XIII on the occasion of his sacerdotal jubilee in 1888: the Church of St. Joachim (San Gioacchino). The Church with its immense parish was entrusted to the Redemptorists by the same Pope. The church has been much criticized for its style, but its details are rich and beautiful. Along both sides of the great nave,

are a number of chapels dedicated to and furnished by various nations. In May, 1902, Brother Max was called to Rome for consultation about the Italian chapel, and when he returned to Bavaria he took with him the idea that Bavaria should also have its chapel. Father Krandaueer soon had 10,000 marks pledged, but it was conditioned by the specification that Bro. Max was to plan and decorate the chapel. The sketches were done in color and submitted to the artist, Fugel, for approval. In the spring of 1904 we find Bro. Max in Rome where he submitted the sketches to the renowned Ludwig Seitz. On April 27th the work began, Bro. Max doing the figures, and Bro. Cyriak, a confrere, doing the decoration. If you ever get to Rome and see this chapel, you might note particularly the picture representing the washing of feet by Card. Truchsess; the gesture of resistance by St. Peter Canisius is wonderfully natural. In December we find the Brother still in Rome, due to the fact that he was asked to do the colored frontispiece for the new Gradual about to be issued by the Vatican Press. Several top drawings were also requested. These were presented to Pius IX in private audience and Max received a silver medal and an autographed photograph of His Holiness. While in Rome he became acquainted with the Salvatorian, Brother Aegidius and through him, Max was introduced into the lectures by Ludwig Seitz. But this was cut short by his return to Bavaria in December, 1904, because the health of Brother Max was suffering. This lapse in health is discernible in the drawings for the Gradual, where he seems to be drawing upon his earlier thoughts. But in the drawings for the Antiphonal (a commission resulting from his Roman sojourn) completed in 1908-12 the artist is again working with full power, so that the top drawings of this Antiphonal may be looked upon as Brother Max's best work. The colored frontispiece is really exceptionally fine.

In 1908 Brother Max was again in Rome to decorate the house chapel of the Generalate. The sketches had been sent some time before but the Italian artists could not mix the proper colors, so Max had to come to Rome to mix the colors for them. At this time he also did some work for Cardinal Van Rossum's private chapel.

WORKS OF LATTER YEARS

The Bavarian Redemptorists were given permission to make foundations in 1894. Cham was selected as the first, and Brother Max planned the church and monastery, made the designs for all the church furnish-

ings and the decorations (done by Brother Cyriak), and did the figures himself. The large pictures in the nave are done in oil on linen, and measured 8x12 feet. In the decoration of this church, a marked development is apparent. The monastery chapel, and that of the retreat house were also decorated at this time.

Between the works referred to above, there are many others of lesser magnitude. Wherever a church was to be decorated, or a picture painted, or a sacristy built, Brother Max seems to have been consulted or asked. Often too, the gratitude of his Order towards some benefactor took the form of a picture painted by the Brother. Requests for work in Holland had to be refused, nor could he meet the desires of Cardinal Van Rossum to decorate the church at Pagani near Naples, the tomb of St. Alphonsus. He made twelve sketches for the Redemptorist seminary chapel at Esopus, New York, and his trembling hand traced sketches and wrote suggestions for the Poor Souls' chapel of the Mission Church in Boston.

But worthy of special note are the relations of Brother Max with the Benedictines at Clyde, Missouri. Father Lukas Etlin, O.S.B., by his interest and encouragement is directly responsible for some very fine productions of the aging artist. In 1906 after long endeavor, he at last obtained some photographs of Max's angels, which he wished to use in the selection of decorative subjects for the chapel of Perpetual Adoration at Clyde. In 1907 sketches were sent for the two mosaic altar pieces, and later in acknowledgment for Father Lukas' post-war help to the students at Gars, Brother Max sent him two pictures. Late in 1922 sketches for the two mosaic angel groups that flank the high altar were submitted, and soon after the title page illustrations for the periodical "Tabernacle and Purgatory" were sent. A Christmas picture sent in 1924 brought from Father Lukas the earnest prayer: "O if only Brother Max were twenty years younger!" In December of the year 1927 Father Lukas was killed in an unfortunate automobile accident and the stimulation and encouragement from the West ceased. Brother Max, in all truth, had painted into the sunset.

SUNSET AND EVENING STAR

Palette and brush became too heavy for weary hands, and Brother Max ceased to paint and sketch in 1924. Fifty years of extraordinary activity had worn out the man, and it is characteristic of the man that the same resignation greeted the dusk, as had marked the dawn and noon

tide. His eye sight weakened, his hands grew unsteady. On February 2, 1924, he started his six years preparation for death—he never again left his room. July 20, 1928, marked the quiet celebration of his Golden Jubilee of profession as a religious; July 7, 1929, his eightieth birthday. After this his strength ebbed fast, so that he was given Extreme Unction in December of this same year. The light was flickering, when news from the Benedictine Nuns at Clyde told the aged artist that his sketches of the series of the Mother of God were to be used in the decoration of the new Perpetual Adoration chapel at Mundelein, Illinois. It was the last tribute. The death agony set in on January 6, and early the next day the end came softly and gently.

TRAILING GLORY

And thus from the Sacred pages of the Scriptures come the best commendation of the artist who has passed on: "The Lord hath called him . . . and hath filled him with the spirit of God, with wisdom and understanding and knowledge . . . to know to work artificially; who made the things that are necessary for the uses of the sanctuary, and which the Lord commanded." (Exodus XXXV. 31; XXXVI. 1.)

Correct artistic appreciation of Brother Max is as yet impossible. Such appreciation demands correct perspective of the circumstances in which the artist worked. These circumstances, especially those of the World War are yet unclear and unknown, and too close to the times to assure freedom from prejudice. The great tendencies in Christian art, evidenced in Brother Max's traditional conceptions, and the Beuronese return to Grecian and Egyptian forms, have produced something worthy of serious consideration. Whatever the final judgment may be, Alfred Gottwald's judgment is of value: "In any event, to the Beuronese and to Brother Schmalzl belongs the credit of awakening in a time of intellectual materialism, an endeavor for pure culture, a tendency to seek art at its source, to understand art as the servant of the house of God, and of God. What that means, will one day be understood when art emerges once more from its shackles of imitation into a period of purposeful development."

(THE END)

Strong feelings do not necessarily make a strong character. The strength of a man is to be measured by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him.

A Modern Girl's Road to Sanctity

MARGARET SINCLAIR

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

The work of God in a soul is as hidden as the work of the sun's rays in the blossoms of spring; it is silent and persistent. Francis Thompson beautifully describes the persistency of those divine "Feet that followed, followed after,

But with unhurrying chase,

And unperturbed pace,

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy."

And another poet describes the silence of His work:

"Have you not heard the silent steps?

He comes, comes, ever comes.

Every moment and every age, and every day and every night,

He comes, comes, ever comes."

MARGARET'S VOCATION

When looking over the life of Margaret Sinclair, it is difficult to see just when and how the thought of a religious vocation came to her.

One reason for this lies no doubt in her natural reticence about her soul and her spiritual experiences. It was a very noticeable trait of hers. A friend of her childhood days makes this remark:

"I never dared to say anything uncharitable when I was with her. I used to feel envious of her virtue and told her so; but she was not one that showed much of her religious nature, and she did not like to be praised. 'We can all become better by praying to God,' she said. I never had a quarrel with her and never heard of anyone else having had one."

"She was not one that showed much of her religious nature,"—this reserve seems to have impressed almost everyone who knew her. Others tell of it also, and it almost proved fatal in the case of her engagement to the young man at BO'ness.

And yet innumerable incidents that are remembered of her life reveal her great aptitude for the religious life. Some of these must have been quite clear from what we have already told of her story. As she grew older these evidences became clearer still; in fact, a cleavage from the world and worldly things becomes quite evident, and practices emphasized in convent life already prove her favorites while in the world.

APTITUDE

For instance, in the autumn after her engagement was broken, she went to a retreat for working girls with her sister Bella. It was given at the convent of Marie Reparatrice. Bella tells us that Margaret made it very earnestly, refusing to break the silence even to greet old friends whom she had not met for some time. And then she adds:

"After every sermon we went to chapel for a quarter of an hour's meditation. Margaret was so still in her adoration,—for the Blessed Sacrament was exposed every day, and she loved to stay there as long as she could, on her knees."

Her love of silence and meditation is significant—it was not an empty silence, but a silence full of the nearness of God. Bella again tells us how Margaret acted at work in the McVitie and Price Biscuit Factory, where she was employed in french-polishing the show-cases for their exhibits. She worked in a little room by herself.

"She always wore her H. B. S. (Handmaid of the Blessed Sacrament) brooch over her overall, and one day a Catholic girl who came to the room to speak to her, asked her if she was not afraid to show her religion so openly. 'There is nothing to be afraid of in being a Handmaid of God,' answered Margaret quietly.

"She never talked to anyone at work unless it was necessary," continues her sister, "but she had a kind smile of recognition for all. She took her prayer-book and beads with her to work, and kept them on a little table beside her."

Cheerfulness and thoughtfulness for others are certainly qualities eminently to be desired in an aspirant to the religious life. These shone forth most remarkably in this working girl.

"Everyone treated her with respect in the places where she worked," her brother Andrew relates. "She had the sweetest nature and was full of consideration for others. She was wholly unselfish, and always willing and ready to oblige everyone. I never saw her show temper."

Her cheerfulness was inspired by kindness and thoughtfulness for others, as we see from a remark made by her sister. She says:

"Margaret used to tell me that sometimes I looked anything but pleasant, and, of course, everyone told me the same thing. But Margaret would comfort me. 'When you see any of the girls,' she would say, 'just force yourself to give a little smile, no matter how you are feeling. For sometimes they may be just waiting for you to give a

smile first, or they may be in difficulties or out of sorts. You never know who may be in trouble, and when you give them a smile in passing, it may lighten the way for them and give them courage to bear it."

Her great love of prayer—I should rather say, her love of Our Lord and converse with Him, is proved overwhelmingly by what witnesses tell us of her daily life.

Margaret went to Holy Communion every day—even though often it meant that she had to do without her breakfast. For she had to leave so early for work that often it was impossible to stop for breakfast. She only laughed about it. And her sister says: "When Margaret was at Mass, after receiving Holy Communion, she was so full of love for our dear Blessed Lord in the Sacrament of the Altar, that she never knew when the Last Gospel had come, but knelt on without moving."

In her biography by F. A. Forbes, we read: "The three girls—Margaret and her older and younger sisters—slept in the same room, and Lizzie relates that often when she woke up in the night, she would see Margaret with outstretched arms, kneeling on the floor, praying. One night her mother, having left something in the girls' room, came in and saw the white figure kneeling there motionless, absorbed in prayer. She did not hear the door open, nor notice that anyone had entered. Mrs. Sinclair, awestricken, crept out, closing the door softly behind her. She never went into the girls' room at night again."

DESIRE

Evidently, the desire to go to the convent and consecrate her life to God, must have been growing stronger in Margaret's heart during these months. On two or three occasions she gave expression to this desire.

Her sister Bella, for instance, who had herself decided on entering with the Little Sisters of the Poor, relates:

"One day I asked her: 'If Father A.—, Margaret's confessor at the time—were to ask you in confession if you would be a nun, what would you say?' 'Oh,' she cried, 'I should go at once; I should not put it off for a minute.'"

Her biographer also tells the following little incident: "A Sister from one of the neighboring convents relates how, when she was passing near St. Cuthbert's Church one day, carrying a heavy bag, a hand

suddenly seized it from behind, and turning, she saw the sweet face of a young girl smiling over her shoulder.

'Let me carry that, Sister,' she said. The Sister refused, and they compromised by carrying it together.

'I asked her then,' says the Sister, 'if one could get into the church, as I often passed it, but I thought the door was locked.'

'Oh,' she said, 'there is a side door that is always open; I go in often for a visit. I was just going in now.'

"The two went in together. 'I was much struck,' says the Sister, 'by her reverence and devotion, and when we came out she offered to help me carry the bag a little farther.' They walked on together, talking, and in the course of the conversation the Sister asked Margaret if she had ever thought of the Religious Life. She flushed and was silent. 'Perhaps there is some other attraction,' suggested the Sister and began to speak of something else. Margaret told her that she was a french-polisher, and suggested that if there was anything, at any time, that she could do for the nuns in that way, she would be very glad to come out after her working hours and do it."

She was as good as her word. And when she came to the convent soon after to polish a table for the Sisters, the Sister took her to the convent garden, where they sat talking together about the happiness of religious life, while the sun set in glory over the Pentlands.

"This is like heaven," said Margaret. Her whole soul spoke in those words.

About this time she heard that the convent of the Poor Clares at Liberton was quite poor and that the Sisters often had nothing to eat. Margaret used to go out after that to their convent, with her mother and sister, and Bella relates:

"At the back of the chapel of the Poor Clares there are many little boxes. Needless to say, Margaret had many intentions, and she would choose which boxes she would put something into. One day she said to me: 'I should love to be a Poor Clare.'"

FREEDOM

In the light of events, it seems that Margaret's reticence on the question of her vocation, was due largely to consideration for her parents. She knew that Bella had already made up her mind to enter with the Little Sisters of the Poor. She seemed to think, therefore, that she ought to wait. In fact, Bella tells us:

"She told me that, as I was going to enter in June, she had suggested to Father A.— that, for mother's sake, she should wait till the end of the year; but he had advised her not to do so, as, though it would be a great blow to father and mother, to wait would only prolong it."

Mrs. Sinclair was a truly Christian mother, and proved it by the way she received the information that her second daughter also was called to the convent. For the moment it seemed more than she could bear. "She could not give her consent just then, she said. But she would go to Mass and Communion first. When she came back, strength had been given her for the sacrifice, and she told Margaret that she could go where God was calling her."

This is practically all we know of the decision she made. But we can surmise how strongly it had been in her mind from a little incident. Margaret mentioned one day to a Sister of Mercy—one of her former teachers—that she was going to join the Poor Clare Nuns. The Sister asked her if she was not afraid that the life of the Poor Clares was very hard.

"I have been practicing for some time past," said Margaret simply. This was the purpose of her night vigils and of the many penitential practices which she had quietly been using for a long time.

In fact, Margaret was, so to speak, ripe for the convent. Her choice was by no means a sudden one, but a deliberate, mature choice which found her ready in every way when the time came. In April before she entered the Poor Clares, she again made a retreat at the convent of Marie Reparatrice. One of the nuns who met her there thus describes her:

"This was the only time I saw her. I noticed a retreatant, after the afternoon instruction, kneeling motionless in the front bench of the chapel. About half an hour later I looked in again. She was there still, kneeling in the same place, and I was struck by her expression. Her eyes were fixed on the monstrance (for the Blessed Sacrament was exposed); there was more than faith in them—it must have been almost vision. In deep reverence, I closed the door, feeling that I had been witness of a divine secret. A few moments later the bell rang for tea, and the girl came out of the chapel. As she passed, I asked one of the other nuns who was standing near me, who she was. 'Margaret Sinclair,' was the answer.

"I watched her at tea, and noticed the quiet, unselfish way in which

she looked after the wants of the other girls, and how she helped to clear things away afterwards. I could not help thinking that that was genuine piety. The next day I met her in the garden and spoke a few words to her, but she did not say much. She was a silent girl, but I noticed her lovely eyes—'eyes that saw visions'—as one of her girl friends said.

"She loved the quiet of the garden and the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes, but above all the chapel with the Blessed Sacrament exposed. I also knew that it was through her example and her sweet influence that one of her girl friends found courage to break off her engagement with a Protestant. It was a hard struggle at the time, but she, too, later, was to hear the call of the Divine Lover, and she is now a fervent novice."

THE CHOICE

Disappointments were not to be wanting; but they did not daunt Margaret. She applied for admission as an Extern Sister at the Poor Clare convent at Liberton. But she was told that there were already four girls waiting to enter there. Acting on the advice of her confessor, she then wrote to the Mother Abbess of the Poor Clare Colettines at Notting Hill, making the same request. The Mother Abbess answered that she was agreeably impressed with Margaret's letter, but that she wished it to be made clear to her that the life of the Poor Clares was one of very great austerity. She also asked that she be examined by a reliable doctor in order to see whether she were fitted for such a life.

Margaret had a slight cough and was advised to go for a while to the Sanitarium conducted by the Sisters of Charity at Lanark. On her return she was examined by a well-known physician of Edinburgh, who pronounced her perfectly sound and quite fit for the life she had chosen. Shortly after, in July, 1923, she entered the convent.

It must have been like home to her. Nothing surprised or disappointed her. Hardships amused her. "If you only knew the quaint things we have to do on account of Holy Poverty," she wrote to her former confessor, "you would laugh outright."

In February, 1924, she received the habit of the Poor Clares, and was called Sister Mary Francis of the Five Wounds. That same year, in December, her father was killed in a motor accident. On February

14, 1925, she made her Religious Profession. During the preparatory retreat she wrote the following resolution:

"I will be submissive in all things, always having before me that my Lord, my God, was ever submissive to St. Joseph and obedient even till the death of the Cross. I will practice charity in my words and ever look out for opportunities to perfect this virtue in helping my Sisters, especially in those things that are contrary to my nature. I will endeavor to be diligent, always to try and do all things well, and ever to have a pure intention in what I do. This year, please God, I desire to vow to you my poverty, chastity and obedience, and to observe the same, to rejoice when I feel the pinch of poverty. And always to remain modest and prudent, thinking of this in our Blessed Lady and how she would like it in her child."

But the Cross was close at hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The surest method of arriving at a knowledge of God's eternal purposes about us is to be found in the right use of the present moment. Each hour comes with some little fagot of God's will fastened upon its back.—*Faber*.

GOD'S WORDS

The evening mists of purple, scarlet, gold,
That slowly roll upon the fragrant air,
Appear as radiant fumes of incense rare,
That softly spreading God's bright throne enfold.
And in that subtle splendor we behold
Ourselves in glory clothed of heaven fair.
We seem God's grandeur pure a while to share
And feel our hearts dilate with joy untold.
'Tis thus, that God to us would fondly speak
And all the secrets of His heart reveal—
Yes, creatures all, the star, the blossom meek,
Are Words Divine, whose meaning all may feel.
Although created beauties perish fast,
Still what they tell of God—will ever last!

—F. R. N., C.Ss.R.

Echoes of Fifteen Hundred Years

FROM EPHESUS TO ROME

RAYMOND MILLER, C.Ss.R.

We had been seeing for some time large posters four feet high and two feet wide affixed to the stone pillars at the doors of St. Mary Major, announcing great festivities to come in commemoration of the fifteen hundredth anniversary of the Council of Ephesus, when the Blessed Virgin was declared Mother of God. But posters four feet high and two feet wide at the church doors are not an uncommon sight in Rome and are used to announce any and all triduum, novenas and other special services in its several odd hundred churches. So we were not led to anticipate anything unusually festive, even in reading about a grand procession of the ancient picture, "The Madonna of Saint Luke," which was scheduled to take place from Saint Mary Major to Saint John Lateran. Nor was our interest very actively aroused even by the handbills that were passed around, with more details on the festivities: for handbills, too, do not signify infallibly that there will be present at the announced festivities, any more than the "little flock" of the faithful, as Our Lord called them, and as indeed they often seem to be in Rome.

It was on Saturday afternoon that we saw the first signs that this would be no ordinary function. Out in front of Sant' Alfonso several very large flags or pendants appeared attached to the telephone poles; the green, white and red of the Italian flag alternating with the orange and dull red of the flag of Rome. Then Sunday morning (the procession was scheduled for Sunday afternoon) we ran over to Saint Mary Major, only three minutes away from Sant' Alfonso, for part of the Mass in the Greek rite, which also formed part of the ceremonies. The piazza in front of Saint Mary Major and Via Carlo Alberto, leading away from it, were strewn with fine yellow sand. Said the American confrere, who accompanied me: "That's a relic of the most ancient times. They used to strew sand on the streets like that for the triumphs of the old Roman Generals, when they returned successful after a war." Thought I to myself with a kind of antiquarian thrill: wonderful! These very streets—or streets in these very parts—and the custom kept down the centuries! Another sign that something unusual was to take place

was the fact that from every window (or seemingly every window) down Via Carlo Alberto, there were suspended, hanging, floating the most colorful of yellow and red flags or hangings. And as it was a glorious Sunday sunny morning, the combined impression of sunlight, strewn sand, and bright hangings could not fail to make a person expect great things to come. We finally began to realize that indeed this was no ordinary function.

Indeed it was not—for more reasons than one. First of all, thought I to myself, this will surely be a great deal like that other procession held through these very streets by the picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help when it was first placed for veneration in the old church of Saint Matthew, back about the year 1490—the time Our Lady worked one of her first miracles by means of it, curing the sick woman. Today, though, it will not be that picture of Our Lady, but another one, a venerable and miraculous one—the “Madonna of Saint Luke” of Saint Mary Major. This “Madonna,” or picture of Our Lady, dates back, it seems, to the fifth century; some even say it was painted by St. Luke himself. At any rate, it has been in the Borghese chapel (so called because Pope Paul V. of the Borghese family, richly decorated it) for three centuries, and in other parts of the church of Saint Mary Major for another dozen. Many saints have prayed before it: St. Charles Borromeo, St. Philip Neri, St. Ignatius, St. Alphonsus. On various solemn occasions, it has been carried in procession through the streets of Rome and I heard that the real reason for the procession this Sunday night was this: that back in 431, fifteen centuries ago, when the news reached Rome that the Bishops at the Council of Ephesus had solemnly declared that Our Lord was true God and true man, and that consequently Our Lady is true Mother of God—the Pope of that time, to celebrate the occasion, had conducted a procession of that very image of Our Lady from Saint John Lateran to Saint Mary Major. Tonight, it was to be taken back to Saint John Lateran, and next Thursday night, with another grand procession, returned to Saint Mary Major.

About four o'clock Sunday afternoon, we could hear from the garden at Sant' Alfonso, not the usual noises from the street outside—the shrieks and yelps and bleats of the never-ceasing Roman auto sirens and horns (yes, they're strong on the horns on their autos in Rome) and the roars and grindings of the street cars or “trams” but just a kind of steady murmur of many voices, and a tramp and shuffling of

many feet. And looking out the window, we saw crowds of people already beginning to line the streets, waiting for the procession to start.

That was an hour before it was supposed to start—and everybody knew, or should have known, that in Rome it would be far from beginning at exactly five o'clock. About a quarter to five, however, we took our birettas and surplices, and left Sant' Alfonso for Saint Mary Major. I had pretty vague ideas at first as to just what kind of a procession it was to be—i.e., just who was to take part in it; but on seeing the clerics in their habits and cassocks of many hues, all bending their steps toward Saint Mary Major, and on getting inside, seeing it filled with nothing but priests and students—the idea gradually penetrated that the marchers in the procession would be precisely nothing but the said priests and students—which, in fact, they turned out to be.

How many were there? I don't know, but I took note of this much at least: that we walked four abreast, and the line stretched for six or seven blocks; there were surely hundreds, probably thousands—all students and priests, in cassock and surplice or in Franciscan, Dominican, Carmelite habit. Representatives from literally the four quarters of the globe were there—and as close as you'll come anywhere in the world to having representatives from every nation under Heaven. When the American confrere and I were going into Saint Mary Major, we were passed by some students from the Propaganda College. One had the dark but regular features of an East Indian; a couple of others, the slight build and the merry, almond faces of Japanese; another was unmistakably an Irishman, and one or two more, laughing Americans. We heard a word or two they were saying as they passed, and my American confrere said: "Listen to that: not an Italian there, and they're talking Italian."

When we got into Saint Mary Major, we found still more nations represented. About five o'clock one of the Papal Masters of Ceremonies began to arrange the clerics in their marching order. He walked up and down, reading out the names of the various orders and ecclesiastical colleges: Oratorians, Oblates, Passionists, Redemptorists, Foreign Missions of Lyons, of Paris, of Maryknoll; Pallottini, Salesians, Jesuits, Precious Blood Fathers, Society of the Divine Word; the North American College, South American College, Spanish, Bohemian, German Colleges; Lateran Seminary, Propaganda College—and so forth and so on. Suffice it to say that the lining up of the brethren began at five o'clock, and was not finished until after six.

We then stood in line more or less patiently until past six-thirty. Maybe the monks—the Dominicans, Franciscans, Carmelites and so forth were lining up out in front of the church; because when we came out, we saw them in their vari-colored habits already leading the procession away from the church. And while we were waiting, too, the picture of Our Lady was taken from its place of honor at the high altar—the Papal altar, where it had been exposed for veneration for the last few days—and borne out of the church by a favored few clerics. And just about then some one behind us struck up a Blessed Virgin hymn—the Gregorian *Salve Regina*—and in a moment the voices of the priests and students standing in line were ringing through, filling the great basilica. Then, it was the *Ave Maris Stella*; then, the *Regina Coeli*; and so on, all the best known Latin hymns to Our Lady, sung with a vigor that shook the old rafters in Our Lady's old temple.

Finally we did move out of the church; the procession had begun. On coming out into the piazza in front of Saint Mary's, we found it surrounded with packed crowds, all singing, it seemed, the favorite Italian hymn to Our Lady: "*O Santa Vergine, prega per me,*" while a good band did its best to make itself heard above the crowd.

But just in front of the central door of the church was the most striking thing in the piazza. The picture had been placed in its position of honor on the carriage which was to carry it to Saint John Lateran; and what a carriage it was! An American immediately thought of George Washington and Revolutionary times. For on the box of the carriage was a driver dressed just like George used to dress—yellow wig, cocked hat, long light colored coat, black knickerbockers, and buckled shoes. Then there were six beautiful black horses, each with a white, high, still plume on his head; and each horse was held or led by another George Washington. The procession circled around the carriage and the statue, and proceeded down Vio Carlo Alberto. It did not pass immediately in front of Sant' Alfonso, but along Via Statuto, on one side of it; because just in front of Sant' Alfonso at present things are more or less torn up in connection with the erection of the new wing which is in progress. But we passed the site of the old Saint Matthew's, where Our Lady of Perpetual Help was enshrined more than 400 years ago—a couple of blocks down Via Merulana from the present Sant' Alfonso.

The crowd along the line of march was interested, reverent, even

enthusiastic. We did not hear one single sneer or scoff all the way; and the sidewalks (Via Merulana as one of Rome's fine modern streets is furnished with wide sidewalks) were packed with people. I took note that the line of watchers at its thinnest was three and four deep; and at the main corners, like Largo Brancaccio in front of Sant' Alfonso they were simply jammed right up to the walls of the houses and stores. The windows, too, all the way had their colorful banners or hangings, or their many-colored Japanese lanterns. When we passed, the crowds were comparatively quiet—only joining in the hymns sung by the clerics once in a while or conversing like the average crowd watching a procession; but when the Madonna passed at the end of the procession—it must have been great to hear the "Viva Maria's" that were rolled up to Heaven. We got an idea of what it must have been from the wild cheering which took place at the end, down at Saint John Lateran—as we'll relate in a moment.

Seeing the crowds, and many a time and oft seeing mothers "their infants in their arms," we couldn't help remembering the passage from Shakespeare about the same people of Rome who used to gather there precisely so with "their children in their arms, to see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome." Only tonight, it was to see Saint Mary pass the streets of Rome—a little more salubrious, thought we to ourselves, for all concerned than to spend the same time and enthusiasm on Pompey.

Down at Saint John Lateran the procession circled around in front of the Scala Santa—the little church across from Saint John where are venerated the Holy Stairs which Our Lord trod in the court of Pilate. In that church is preserved the oldest known picture of Our Lord—dating, some say, from the very time of Our Lord Himself. It has been venerated in Rome, at any rate, almost longer than the Madonna of Saint Luke; and tonight there was to be a new act of solemn public veneration.

The piazza all around Saint John's and the "Scala Santa" was packed with a multitude (that's the word) of all classes, but of one and the same contagious enthusiasm. There were little girls in white dresses and veils; university students in their red caps; policemen; gendarmes; Fascist soldiers; regular army soldiers; tram conductors—all in uniform, mingling with the crowd of ordinary citizens and sharing or aiding its enthusiasm. (And be it said that the Fascists preserved good

order all along the march and were quite agreeable, in spite of the Pope's recent calling them to task. The city authorities, in fact, had supplied the carriage and the beautiful black horses and the George Washingtons. And before and behind the carriage marched soldiers in the golden, high-crested helmets of the old Romans, carrying the banners of the districts, or wards, of Rome; banners above which shone golden eagles—the eagles of the old Roman armies. In the cleared space in front of the crowd a band of University students was playing "O Santa Vergine, prega per me," which the crowd—the monks from all nations included—was taking up with perfectly good new enthusiasm, as though it were not the 143rd time they had sung that hymn or parts thereof that evening. Then at the end of the hymn, in the natural pause that comes after a piece of work well done, a shrill, compelling voice yelled out: "Viva Maria." And on the instant, better than many an effort at a football cheer we've heard at home, the crowd responded with a roar that would do any Catholic's heart good to hear: "EVVIVA!"

We made our way around to the great facade of the basilica of Saint John, and took our places on the steps—the beadles and other keepers of order gently and continually pushing us back into the crowd behind us. It was great to hear that multitude—if your ears were good. Close at hand were some Italian seminarians singing another Italian Blessed Virgin hymn for all they were worth. In the lulls (not many nor long) of their singing, we could hear from other quarters—now the little girls in their white veils, singing their own hymns, or giving their shrill cheers: "Viva Maria Santissima!" Then a group of U students, with their heads together, giving something for all the world like an American rah-rah football cheer. In fact, one of the American College students near, hearing that and the deafening roar in general, said, or shouted, to make himself understood—"Sounds like the Army-Navy game!"

In the meantime, a solemn and pretty scene had taken place in front of the Scala Santa. When we had passed, we had noticed that the picture of Our Lord, which is usually inside, was tonight (it had grown dusk while we waited and marched) out in front of the church, surrounded by innumerable twinkling candles. We had passed by, doffing our birettas, singing the old hymns, or shouting a new cheer: "Viva Christo Re!" or "Viva Gesu!" or again "Viva Gesu Sacramentato!" But when the picture of Our Lady arrived before the church of the

Scala Santa and the Picture of Our Lord, the procession halted; and Our Lord's image was picked up and taken out to that of His mother; the Son was taken out to meet and join His Mother, and they finished the procession together.

When the two images arrived in front of the facade of Saint John's, the cheering, of course, was deafening. Wave on wave of "Viva's," of hums, of Papal cheers, of Ave Maria's, and of mere enthusiastic yells surged and rolled, now from here, now there, now all together; and if there came anything like a letting up, some voice would be sure to cry: "Viva Maria!" or "Viva Gesu!" or "Viva il Papa!" and start it all over again. We must confess to a feeling of self-consciousness (if such a thing is possible in a multitude), but we did contribute, besides our bit in the Italian hymns, our "Viva's" and our "yaaa's" to the good cause.

When the pictures had arrived, too, there was a triumphant peal of trumpet music from the high balcony over the great porch of Saint John's, sounding almost like the silver trumpets of the Pope in Saint Peter's. They added another thrilling note; their high, steady, triumphant beat, above the roar of the crowd seemed to give a kind of new solemnity, a new encouragement to our demonstration for our Lady Fair—our heroine and our Hero.

After a while (it had grown almost completely dark by now) we noticed that the pictures had been put down out in the center of the piazza, and looking up toward the balcony, we saw in the light of the torches, someone leaning over and waving toward the crowd, as if for silence. Those near the balcony soon comprehended that silence was wanted (though not knowing what for—whether a sermon, or a blessing or what), and quieted down. It took longer for those farther away. The silence kept spreading, but every once in a while there would be a little explosion of cheers from some yet oblivious region, followed by vigorous "shushes" from all quarters, until finally almost complete silence and expectancy reigned over the crowd in the big piazza. Then, as we listened and looked again toward the balcony we heard, coming from some hidden corner a strain of music softly played by the trumpets, which sounded vaguely familiar. It was played through once; then repeated; then begun a third time; and with that, someone in the crowd had understood; a strong, ringing man's voice took up the mel-

ody: "Patrem Omnipotentem. . . . It was the Gregorian Credo; the one usually sung with the Missa de Angelis.

That was the most thrilling thing of the entire evening. In a moment the whole great throng was singing: "Factorem coeli et terrae: visibilium omnium, et invisibilium." There were no alternate choirs; just everybody sang everything. In the pauses between the phrases it would seem you could have heard a pin drop; but then: "Deum de Deolumen de lumine," and I wondered if that great united roll of song could be heard back at Saint Mary Major. And then, realizing that the whole wide world, the new and the old, the West and the East, from pole to pole, was represented there—was singing there: I couldn't help thinking that surely no other religious body in the world—perhaps no society of any kind in the world—could be so represented, so united; and sang with all my heart—with gratitude, and pride, and joy: "Et UNAM—sanctam, catholicam; et apostolicam Ecclesiam."

There were a few more incidents in the evening's celebration, but they were of a minor character; for instance, the crashing of the great iron gates of Saint John's against the gendarmes who were trying to close them after the image had been carried in, when we drove in behind the soldiers in the shining gold helmets, who were carrying the banners with the golden Roman eagles; or the scene in St. John's, with its magnificent lighting, its thousands (yes, thousands) of chandelier lights, and its wonderful system of reflected lights around the walls; but we'll stop here, on the "UNAM, sanctam"—the supreme event of the evening; the whole world's representation—the whole world's singing—the whole world's unity in the Catholic Church, before the image of Jesus Christ and His Immaculate Mother.

TIME

Father Baltasar Alvarez, the saintly confessor of Saint Theresa, once complained to Our Lord that he had too much to do and had no time for prayer. Our Lord answered him:

"It may well happen that a man has not time to do his own will, but he always has time to do Mine."

"He who sleeps at the wheel, wakes up in the hospital, if he wakes up at all."

Houses

THE HOUSE OF CARDS

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

IV

Albert Pierce and his son were on a fishing excursion. They had risen early, packed up lunches and clothes and equipment and driven fifty or sixty miles to the northward, where there was a large lake, famed for its pickerel, on which they had a cottage. There were few other habitations of any sort there; the lake had not yet been exploited by resorters.

Driving through the cool shade of the woods surrounding the lake, endeavoring to follow the meandering path that the first automobile traveler had uncertainly marked out, feeling the sway of the black powdery sand beneath the wheels of the car and the engine chugging along through it, most of the time in low, had been a pleasant adventure for the man and the boy who had left the city far behind them. Likewise the luncheon they prepared for themselves on their arrival, pork and beans warmed in the can, sandwiches, pickles, coffee and cakes, had been a delight. Then the final adjustment of tackle and line, swinging the old flat-bottomed rowboat free of the shore where receding waters had left it high and dry—all these things that preceded a five-hour loll on the bosom of the lake had helped to make the day one of perfect joy.

Father and son expressed their pleasure in the various adventures of the day differently—characteristically. Albert remained exteriorally quiet, reserved, self-possessed always; only the brightness in his eyes and the more than usual constancy of his pleasant little smile betrayed his enjoyment. In reality his heart was singing throughout the day—singing his love of the great outdoors, singing the joy of his companionship with his son, singing the carefree song of a child on a holiday. Sometimes he would hum beneath his breath. Once in a while his enthusiasm would break through his reserve and drop from his lips in short crisp phrases.

"There's a scene, old man," he would say to Russell, as they captured some choice view on their long morning drive. Or—"How about this for a place to live?" he would ask the boy, as they drove through

the cool woods, feeling the silent strength, the confiding warmth of nature as it closed around them. Past and future were absent from his thoughts; he was absorbed in the pleasure of the moment.

Russell, contrariwise, was exuberant, enthusiastic, loud in his expressions of joy. He had exhausted his expletives of admiration long before they reached the lake; but they bore constant repetition. When they arrived he leaped about excitedly as they prepared their lunch and made ready to go fishing. His laugh rang out often—clear and loud; his smile was a light to his entire countenance.

"Gee!" he would say, as he bit into a ham sandwich two inches thick, "this is the life!" Or—"Boy, if only the fellows could see me now," as he entered the boat, laden down with rods and bait and nets and other paraphernalia. Albert's smile would flash back an answer though he would say little of his own feelings.

It was evening now. They had fished to their hearts' content. In the first enthusiasm they had taken to casting, letting the boat drift carelessly about. Tiring of that, they had anchored in a likely pickerel spot, set their lines and waited for the fish to bite. A string of pickerel, a few pike and bass, had rewarded their efforts. As evening drew on—they had lifted their lines and begun trolling. Russell sat at the oars, his face red from the sun, the sleeves of his khaki shirt rolled up to his shoulders, his legs bare, his arms just keeping the boat in motion; Albert sat in the rear of the boat, turned sidewise toward the water, holding out his pole and watching Russell's which lay on the seat beside him.

The scene had subdued them both into silence. The sun was just letting itself down behind the thick tamaracks that made a wall of deep green about the shore. The breeze had died; the waters of the lake were like soft, liquid glass; through the glass they could see the fish dart away to the right and left of them as the boat's prow nosed silently along, leaving a trail of gentle ripples a hundred yards in its wake. Now and then a gull would scream, accentuating the quiet. Both men felt vaguely that they had melted into the picture—had become one with nature in her most beautiful mood. There was peace, contentment in the illusion; conversation would have destroyed it.

The sun was filtering through the trees, close to setting, when at last Albert broke the magic silence.

"Tomorrow—another day," he said shortly. "Back to the office again."

"That'll be tough, after a day like this," returned Russell, as he rested a moment on the oars.

Albert let his hand drift through the water idly as he answered with deliberation. "No, I don't think so. I enjoy my work more after an outing. After all, there is a satisfaction in one's work that pleasure only enhances. I have built up a good business; I have made myself a comfortable home; working for these things is all a man wants in life."

Russell did not answer. He looked straight into his father's eyes—then let his gaze wander beyond him to the distant horizon—already growing blue and hazy with the dusk.

"One more thing keeps me going," Albert went on. "It is the knowledge that in a few years you will be with me. We'll be working together, and having little outings like this often in between." His tone was exalted, as nearly emotional as it ever became. He felt, sitting there in the twilight with Russell—alone on the lake that seemed the symbol of contentment and peace, that his whole life would be the carrying out of the pleasure of this moment.

Russell watched a crane as it took off from a high dead limb overhanging the shore—soaring out over the lake, its long legs dangling limp. His thoughts were soaring, too, carrying him above and away from the prosy, ordinary, commonplace things of which his father spoke. Suddenly he decided it was time to express these thoughts.

"Dad," he said, almost bluntly, "I'm afraid you'll have to do without me in that picture. My ambitions run in a different direction."

Albert noticed the air of solemnity that had descended upon the boy. Also the finality with which he used the very companionship that meant so much to himself to express his disagreement. A vague fear began to possess him; it was almost like the first breath of an evening breeze that was springing up from the northern shore, brushing coolly across his sun-warmed face.

"What other direction?" he asked, sitting immovable as he awaited an answer.

"I don't exactly know whether I can explain it to you. Our lives are so different, Dad, that you'll have to take my word for what I say. Anyway, above all these things of business and pleasure and home I see

things in life far more worth while working for. I like money and pleasure—you know I do; I'd like to have a home and a good business to work for as much as you. But I've learned things that make me want to give them up for something else." He was watching his father while he spoke and saw the black shadows that were like the shadows of night descending—masking his face. The shadows appalled him. "Oh, I can't explain it to you," he added grimly.

His father laughed—without mirth, but indulgently. "I guess you can't. You're contradicting yourself. You want to give up what's best in life—the only things worth while—what on earth are you going to give them up for?"

Russell came back like a flash. "Well, there is God!"

The word could be seen striking Albert like a blow. "God!" he repeated, incredulously. Suddenly he saw what the boy was driving at—saw it as something foolish, silly, inane, preposterous, that was carrying the boy away from him as really as if the boat in which they sat had parted in two. Anger seized him: "Is this some more of that damn religious propaganda those priests have been stuffing into you? You don't know what you're talking about. God!" Scornfully—this last.

"Oh, yes I do," said Russell calmly. "I was only trying to help you to understand—but I guess I failed. Anyway, if they'll have me, I'm going to be a priest."

While they had been speaking, Russell had been rowing toward the shore. Now the boat scraped the sands of the beach before their cottage, and he picked up his rod and began to reel in his line. Albert still sat, looking at him. Twice he opened his mouth as if to speak—then said nothing. His mind clogged at the word—a priest. Only angry thoughts and violent expressions came to him—and these he would not utter. He could not command the situation as he was used to command; it had gotten beyond him; he did not know what to say. Inwardly he cursed himself for letting the boy become a Catholic; outwardly he suddenly became calm, as he realized that he must take time to figure this thing out—must use all his diplomacy and scheming to force the boy to change his plans. With an abruptness that was startling to Russell, who had been prepared for a torrent of argument, he changed the subject as he got up and stepped out of the boat.

"It's almost dark," he said. "We'll have to get on the road if we are to be home before morning."

Through the night they drove swiftly homeward, each occupied with his own thoughts. There was little conversation.

V

Mrs. Pierce sat stiffly in the staid parlor of St. Malachy's Rectory. Her gaze shifted often from the prints of old masters that hung sedately about the walls—a Madonna by Raphael, the Angelus of Da Vinci, the Nativity of Correggio—to the uniform straight-backed chairs that stood like sentinels in the other three corners of the room—then out of the window upon the green lawn and the quiet street. She was apprehensive and restless—but determined. It was evening. Her husband and son were away on a fishing trip, so she had made an appointment with Father Sheldon over the telephone.

She began in her mind to go over the things she would say to him. She had a good case to present—if only she could, despite her nervousness, speak out plainly. After all, it had been a long time since she had spoken with a priest, except here and there in passing. Nevertheless, she felt that she would only have to mention the object of her visit—and the priest would enter wholeheartedly into her plans. Priests were like that, she continuously assured herself.

Her meditations were interrupted by the sound of a voice outside the door of the parlor. It was a deep voice, wholehearted and warm, saying good-by to a visiting priest at the door of the Rectory. Then the owner of the voice stepped into the parlor.

"How do you do," said the priest. There was a smile on his lips. He was a little man, nervous and quick in his actions, arresting in his manner of speech. His affability made her uncomfortable. She stood up as he approached and gave him her hand. Then she drew a card from her purse and handed it to him.

Father Sheldon held the card between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand and adjusted his glasses while he looked at it. It seemed to Mrs. Pierce that he took a long time to read its simple message.

"Well, well," he said, after the pause, "Mrs. Albert Pierce! Wife of the Paper man, isn't it? And mother of Russell Pierce? I thought so," he added, as she nodded. "A great boy, Russell, a great boy. Sit down. You wanted to talk to me?" The priest sat across from her and unconventionally threw an arm over the back of his chair, crossed his knees, and bent forward while she spoke.

"Well, yes," said Mrs. Pierce. "I wanted to talk to you about—Russell."

The priest feigned surprise. "Russell!" he said. "Why, he's the finest lad in the state. Upstanding—straightforward—promising—as good as gold." Then with a twinkle: "I thought perhaps you were coming to see me about yourself."

The woman looked down at the carpet—then out of the window. The poise with which she reigned over a drawing-room seemed to forsake her here. The consciousness that she was trying to avoid the eyes of the priest made her blush. But he went on inexorably.

"Once upon a time," he mused, "you were Pauline Foley. A girl of the parish. Am I not right?"

She nodded.

"And then you were married—and before very long you gave up your faith." He stopped as he saw the danger signals of anger and vexation in the woman's face. He added lightly: "Well, I suppose you had your reasons. Perhaps you would rather not discuss them. You just wanted to talk to me about Russell, is that it?"

"Yes, — Father," she said (the word "Father" echoed a little strangely on her lips). "But really, I'm concerned in it, too."

"Naturally," agreed the priest. "But what is it that I can do for you?"

She folded her hands on her knees and began her recital. "You see, Father, Russell is our only boy, the only child we have left—and—"

The priest interrupted. "You had others?" he asked.

"We had two others. They died in infancy."

"Ah!" There was sympathy in the voice of the priest. Then, as if groping for the word of comfort that sprang into his mind at once: "They were baptized?"

"No, they were not," she almost whispered.

"Oh," said the priest. Mrs. Pierce could feel the sharp edge of his disappointment. It was almost like an accusation, though he said nothing. She looked up at him—furtively. He was gazing out of the window, a strange expression blanketing his features. Then her voice brought him back to attention.

"Russell is our only child," she went on—no longer self-confident—rather pleadingly. "And now he tells me he is going to be a priest. Father, can't you see what that would mean to us? It will break up our home. It will leave us lonely—who have no one else. We must stop him—somehow."

Father Sheldon cleared his throat and looked straight at the woman before him until she felt his gaze upon her. "Well," he began.

"Before you speak," she broke in, "listen to what I have to say. We did not stand in the boy's way when he wanted to become a Catholic. We did not prevent him from practicing religion as he pleased. But this is too much. I know we might forbid him and all that—but he tells me that if we do, he'll go anyway when he comes of age—and work his way through. I thought you would be willing to help us. I know you can stop him if you only will."

Said the priest, not bitterly, or accusingly, but as one in a musing mood: "You did not prevent him from becoming a Catholic? You allowed him to do as he pleased in that regard? Tell me, now, Mrs. Pierce, where were you married?"

"Here," she answered, "here in St. Malachy's Rectory."

"And before you were married you signed some papers—or promises, I believe they are called? You swore to bring your children up Catholics—you and your husband, too? Yet you say you did not prevent him. Only that. Do you think you did well by your word?"

Again the surge of anger arose in Mrs. Pierce. Always this priest seemed to put her in the wrong, to make her feel that she had no right to ask for anything. Yet she must go on. Now was the time to put in her strongest appeal.

Almost severely she answered his accusing question—with another. "Would it not have been ridiculous for me and my husband to hold ourselves to a promise that was based on something we no longer believed? I gave up my faith. My husband never had any. What we did not need—our boy would not need either—unless he wanted it. He chose to want it!"

"Oh, you no longer believed. I see," said the priest. "You are quite sure you no longer believed?"

She ignored the penetrating question and went on hurriedly. "But now," she said, "this is what I am willing to do. If you will stop Russell from carrying out this insane idea of becoming a priest, as I know you can, I will come back to the Church, I will go to confession, I will do anything you say."

There was a note of self-satisfaction at last in her voice and manner. She felt she was on safe ground now—the priest would have no come-back. She vaguely remembered from the days of her Catholic

youth the eagerness of priests to make converts—to gather in the straying sheep. Why, they would do anything to save a soul, as they called it. So she was offering herself to be saved—magnanimously—and thought that the priest must fulfill the condition on which she made the offer and drag her into the fold without delay.

She had time to think this all out again—as she had done a dozen times before—and then noticed that the priest had not yet replied—but was sitting with an amused smile on his lips—looking at her for all the world as though he pitied her. Then he arose with the manner of a man bringing an interview to a close.

"Well," he said briskly, "if that is the situation, then I can only say you have made a mistake in coming here. Or rather you have made three mistakes. I would do anything in reason, or sympathy or charity for you, anything I could. But you have made me helpless. In the first place, I did not give your boy a vocation to the priesthood, if he has one, and so it is not for me to barter it away. That belongs only to God. Secondly, I could never receive into the Church a person who in one breath says he has given up his faith, and in another offers to come back to it as a reward to me for some service rendered. That would only be a mockery of faith, and a poor reward for me."

The woman was standing now, her face flushed with shame, her eyes bright with tears, her heart beginning to fill with hatred for this logical, unbending man. He took a step toward the door—and she followed meekly—not trusting herself to speak.

"And in the third place," he continued, with a quick little gesture that seemed to represent the opening of his mind and heart to her, "if you had faith enough to be admitted into the Church, you would have love enough to be overwhelmed with joy at the very possibility of your son's ever becoming a priest of God! This is all I have to say."

He led her to the door of the Rectory, without glancing at her again. There she turned upon him and all that had been pent up within her breast poured out from her in a single speech, as sharp and bitter, as sarcastic as she could make it.

"I am to understand, then, that you will do nothing for me? I should have known. But of this I can assure you now—my son will never be a priest. I will find some way to stop it—if I have to ruin him in doing it." She carried it through fairly well, unusual though it was for one in her secure social position to speak harshly. Only

there was the hint of tears in the breaking of her voice.

"Who knows?" said the priest, almost casually. Then warmly again: "You will come back to see me again? Yes—I am sure you will. I shall be waiting for you. Good-bye."

Speechless, she went out through the door, and heard it close softly behind her.

VI

Long after midnight. Pauline and Albert still sat in her boudoir. He had not removed his fishing clothes. She sat in a negligee near the open window—her elbow resting on the sill.

They had stormed together about their "wayward" son—and his foolish plans. Together they had expressed themselves on the Catholic Church and its priesthood. Her encounter of the evening had rendered Pauline as bitter as her husband. It had made her more than bitter; it had made her for some vague reason beyond her failure to block Russell's plans, unhappy. She saw twenty years of smooth contentment fading off into thin air. She would never be contented again. So she talked bitterly with her husband.

A plan of attack on Russell's mind emerged from the meeting.

"There is only one thing to do," Albert concluded. "We cannot oppose him directly. He's a strong-willed young man, and that would only make him stronger. We'll take him away—go on that long vacation we've been planning—mix him up in activities of every sort—sports—society—girls. Get him to fall in love. That's the thing! Love! That'll cure him. By George, we'll do it. . . ." He walked back and forth across the room, talking more to himself than to his wife. . . .

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"I prayed to God and I earnestly entreated Him to take from me this hard and forbidding disposition, and to give me a meek and benign spirit; and through His grace, with the efforts I have made to conquer myself, I am somewhat reformed."—St. Vincent de Paul.

Where the speech is corrupted, the mind is also.—*Seneca*.

Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue,
But like the shadow, proves the substance true.—*Pope*.

The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.—*Carlyle*.



Archconfraternity OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

Our Mother of Perpetual Help

LOYAL LOVE AND SERVICE

T. Z. AUSTIN, C.Ss.R.

"That I may ever love and serve thee—Come to my help, O loving Mother." (Invocation from the Litany of Our Mother of Perpetual Help.)

It is maintained by theologians that true devotion to Our Blessed Mother is a mark of predestination—an assurance of our eternal salvation.

And this because of Mary's powerful intercession, her motherly tenderness and readiness to come to our aid, and the effect of true devotion to her upon our own mind and heart.

Mary's prayer is sure to be heard: Jesus, Our Saviour, Who chose her for His Mother on earth, who gave her, when he was a child, a child's love and obedience—whose dying eyes looked down upon that faithful Mother from the Cross, will not refuse her any request. As at Cana, so always He will grant her prayers.

Having been given to us by Our Lord as our Mother, she is ever ready to listen to our appeals, and tender is her care for us—especially when our eternal salvation is concerned.

The only thing required is that while we call upon her as our Mother, we also strive to show that we are her children, by true devotion to her. The elements of true devotion, however, are love and service.

To love Mary is an obligation—a duty; but so sweet a duty that its fulfillment brings with it the greatest peace and joy. She deserves our love because of her nearness to Jesus, because she is the ideal of all holiness and grace, and because she is our true spiritual Mother.

More than this, love for her will make us like her in thought and sentiment and aspiration. As the poet says:

"Remember man, that what thou lovest, that, too, become thou must:
God, if thou lovest God, dust if thou lovest dust."

Love will make us think of her often, will make us esteem the things she esteems, will make us desire always and in all things to be pleasing to her. Best of all, love of her will draw us to love her Divine Son, Our Lord—for this is what she desires above all things, that he be known and loved.

Let us pray, then, with all our hearts: "That I may ever love and serve thee. Come to my help, O loving Mother."

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Dear Father: After hearing about the Novenas in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help last August, I began the nine Tuesdays that my husband might obtain work. Soon after he found employment. Later when he was threatened to be laid off, I began the 15 Saturdays, and he was kept at work through the winter until some time in January. I persevered in attending the Tuesday and Saturday morning High Masses. After a month my husband was called back to work—the only one out of the eight men who were laid off in January. This, I feel confident, was due to Our Blessed Mother's help, and I thank her for it. I enclose an offering for Holy Mass, and thank the congregation for their prayers.—Maplewood, Missouri.

* * *

Dear Father: My nephew was critically injured in an automobile accident a few months ago. His skull was fractured and his chest crushed. The doctor said there was no hope for his recovery. He was anointed and prepared for death. We made a novena to Our Mother of Perpetual Help and to the Little Flower. At the end of the novena my nephew was declared out of danger. He is now well, and X-ray pictures show that his bones have healed perfectly. I enclose an offering in thanksgiving to Our Mother of Perpetual Help whom I shall never forget. I also am grateful for the prayers of the congregation.—St. Louis, Missouri.

"Life is the acceptance of responsibilities or their evasion; it is a business of meeting obligations or avoiding them. To every man the choice is continually being offered and by the manner of his choosing you may fairly measure him."—B. A. Williams.

Catholic Events

FOR THE LOVE OF GOD

In the Toledo *Record* there appeared some years ago a tribute to our missionary nuns that shows how remarkable is their work in itself, and how profoundly it impresses the Protestant observer who does not comprehend the spirit that animates the apostolic soul. The quotation is:

"Not long ago, in distant Algiers, North Africa, an American tourist visited the leper colony there out of pure curiosity. These poor lepers were cared for by a community of Sisters.

"The gentleman was attracted by one of these self-sacrificing women because of her youth, beauty and refinement, and to his surprise he learned that she was an American girl. Being introduced to her, he said:

" 'Sister, I would not do this work for \$10,000 a year.'

" 'No,' said the Sister, 'nor would I do it for \$100,000 nor a million a year.'

" 'Really,' said the stranger, 'you surprise me. What, then, do you receive?'

" 'Nothing,' was the reply, 'absolutely nothing.'

" 'Then why do you do it?'

The Sister lifted the crucifix that was pending from her rosary and sweetly kissing it, said:

" 'I do it for the love of Him, for Jesus Who died for the love of them and for the love of me. In the loathsome ulcers of these poor lepers I see the wounds of my crowned and crucified Saviour.' "

HUMILITY AND GREATNESS

It is related of Pere Monsabrè, the great French theologian and orator, successor to Lacordaire in the pulpit of Notre Dame at Paris, that once when he was still quite a young man—though already famous as a preacher—he was sent to a small Breton village to preach on a special occasion. The pastor of the parish had arranged for another

Dominican speaker of great fame, and on the arrival of this youthful-looking man whom he did not know, he showed his disappointment plainly.

"But," said Monsabrè, "the man for whom you asked was suddenly taken ill and could not come."

"Then," returned the cure, "the superiors should have chosen an older man—and not sent me a novice."

Monsabrè said nothing, and the cure went on: "I shall remain near the pulpit—and if I do not like the beginning of your sermon, I shall take your place and preach myself."

The church was packed, the Bishop and clergy were in the sanctuary, when Monsabrè ascended the pulpit. The cure knelt at its foot, grim and determined, ready to put his threat into execution.

The sermon began, and at once he realized that his services would not be needed. The clear voice of the preacher captivated the audience, and his repeated bursts of genuine eloquence and feeling astonished everyone.

When the last words had died away, the cure composed himself and followed the preacher into the sacristy.

"Father," he said with his usual bluntness, "what is your name?"

"Monsabrè," was the simple reply.

The cure was astounded. "But why did you not tell me?" he asked.

"Because, my dear cure," came the answer, "you never asked me."

EVEN THE SMALLEST

Prof. E. C. Pickering, director of the Harvard College Observatory, says that people used to ask if the Observatory possessed the largest telescope in the world. He would answer:

"No, but we have the smallest that is doing useful work."

The instrument to which he referred was constructed for measuring the light of stars; and its object-glass was only two inches in diameter.

This is a good thing to remember in our life. It ought to be our aim in life to be the best we can wherever God places us to work. And if we must be only a small instrument in His service, that at any rate, we will be doing useful work.

It is only the fear of God that can deliver us from the fear of man.
—*Witherspoon*.

Pointed Paragraphs

SERVING GOD IN MAN

A Jewish professor of literature, author of various histories of literature, in a recent book entitled "Men and Things," devotes a whole chapter to his impressions of the hospital Sisters who took care of his sick wife. He writes:

"The Sisters were the true supermen, truly heavenly beings. They know only one satisfaction: to sacrifice themselves entirely for others that they may look upon God in the end. These were literally their words given in answer to my wife as she timidly inquired as to the final purpose of their lives. "To see God"—an inconceivable thought; inconceivable even for the believer. But would any unbeliever dare to use idle criticism of such words?

"They are not allowed to own anything, absolutely nothing; they may not accept the gifts that even the deepest gratitude would offer to them, not even a flower or a twig. I never came without a little bouquet from our garden; the Sisters always distributed it to the other sick people. They put the flowers in corridors to give pleasure to the visitors. . . .

"How they consoled the sick; how they managed to put his sufferings before him in a brighter light than had ever occurred to him, without sanctimoniousness, with a serious way that allowed of no contradiction! Even the unbelieving sick had to think. "The Sisters know more about the next world than other people. Just listen, reflect, and keep quiet.

"There was not a sign of proselyting toward those of other beings, or toward infidels. I can imagine that sometimes a person after his convalescence, who had left the hospital, might turn to the Catholic Faith, but he could find no occasion for this in any word given him by his nurses."

The Professor and his wife were particularly struck by the readiness of the Sisters to undertake the lowliest tasks. "Sister, what unpleasant things you have to do!" said Frau Engel. And the Sister replied, "I am *allowed* to do them." "I consider this answer, says the Professor, "as great as any of the greatest passages in a classical poem."

"EXPRESSING ONESELF"

Self-expression is an ideal which has been made popular by "moderns" as a philosophy of life. Of course, they threw the phrase to our youth, like a bone to a dog, and it was made to cover or justify every youthful excess and folly.

L. P. Jacks, Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, writing in the *New York Times*, explains the word in a way that is well for so-called moderns to ponder. He shows that it is not at all so new an idea, that it is as old as Aristotle; only, it has been perverted. Rightly understood, it would be "as sound as any other of the doctrines which have been laid down either for life or for education, and a good deal sounder than some of them."

As Commonweal reports his words: "The belief that self-expression means licensed self-indulgence is a double-edged delusion: a mistake in the meaning of words, and a tragic ignorance of the 'appalling mess' to which self-indulgence leads. A knowledge of the history of human attitudes would show these victims two things: in the first place, that a basic need for integrating the valid, complete self before it can be adequately expressed, is discipline; and second, that a basic factor in insuring its survival is decency."

In a word, our first duty and work is to build up a self that is worthy of expression.

ARTISTS OF LIFE

Commonweal's comments on the article by Principal Jacks, are so good that they deserve to be given wider publicity. The editor writes:

"The most obvious example of the laborious nature of the self-expressive life is, of course, the artist. But not having the artist's call to the development of an intensive skill does not exempt other self-expressionists from an austere discipline. What rule should they follow in discovering and promoting the self?

The first safeguard has to do with the prevailing modern heresy of sex "emancipation":

"No easy solution of the 'sex problem' has ever been discovered, and none ever will be. From the foundations of the world it was ordained that this problem should be difficult for the sons and daughters of men." There follow some salutary general principles:

1. . . . Be on your guard against fragments of yourself—like the sex element, for example, or the money-making element—which masquerade as the whole of it. Take particular care to include your sense of decency. . . . If you fail to express that, later on it will repudiate the whole of your self-expression up to date. . . . 2. Include the time factor. . . . See the muddle many self-expressionists are making—expressing the self of youth in ways which leave them, by the time they come to middle age, with hardly any self at all to express, . . . or expressing the self of middle age in ways which their youthful sense of decency, buried but not dead, looks upon with loathing. 3. Lastly, make sure that you have not been betrayed into adopting the creed of self-expression by the belief that you will find it easier than the doctrines of stern, old-fashioned moralists.”

This is hale common sense. Add to it religion, and especially the wisdom of our Catholic Faith, and self-expression will become a valuable ideal.

THE GLORY OF WOMAN

It has often been said that it is hard to overestimate the influence of a good woman. A forgotten Catholic poet and editor, Charles J. O'Malley, put this idea in the following striking poem:

Man's shaper thou! If thou but urge, we men
Grow God-thewed, and climb up where the gods are,
To realms beyond the high-throned morning star.
Thy voice decrees man onward; then, ah! then,
A holier splendor dawns within his ken,
A mightier purpose shouts down from afar;
He grows immortal in the shock of war,
And, if o'erthrown, thy hope doth arm again.

Yet, if it be so that thy lips are dumb,
And thy soul shallow, then expect no sail
Bearing thy hero, evermore in sight,
Through all the ages, since he who should come,
Lies stranded with thee in a twilight pale—
A rotting hulk before a wrecking light.”

OUR KING IS DEAD

Very Rev. Joseph E. Murphy, C.Ss.R., of Mayaguez, sends the following account from the Porto Rican Mission.

Though not a Monarch of the earth he had often borne the King of Heaven. Over the hills and across the valleys, fording rivers and brooks, drenched by tropical rains, bathed in the snowy lather of his own perspiration, often foaming at the mouth, not indeed from anger but from sheer exhaustion, for almost twenty years he had carried the Ambassador of Christ bearing the glad tidings of Redemption. Fleet of hoof, just as the racer dashes on to victory, our King glided over the hills carrying the Bread of Angels to the young and innocent for strength on Life's Great Journey or the Oil to comfort and strengthen the dying gladiator. King was in very truth an old War-Horse: he had borne the Soldier of Christ to fight the battles of the Lord against the World, Satan and Sin. Black as ebony in his early days, like a human, he turned gray and white with age. Gratitude for many years of faithful service secured for King a home and board till the end of his days. One morning during this beautiful Month of our Lady he strolled forth as usual to enjoy the leisure he had so richly earned, but alas! weakness and exhaustion soon pinned him to the ground unable to rise. Grateful hands built a shelter of palm branches over his reclining form to shield him from the scorching rays of the tropical sun: creosote baths preserved him from the cowardly flies. At last relief came; like the dying hero he met death with a calmness, an assurance almost human, that he had fulfilled the destiny marked out for him by his Creator. His remains uncoffined and unsung were consigned to Mother Earth. Yes, King was but a brute beast and yet in what close contact had he not come with his Lord and Master! On how many errands of peace and reconciliation had he not carried the Ambassador of his King. Those whom King served so faithfully are trying to procure a successor, not indeed to his Throne but to his loyal service.

If I might control the literature of the household, I would guarantee the well-being of the church and the state.—*Bacon*.

It often happens that those of whom we speak least on earth are best known in heaven.—*Caussin*.

Catholic Anecdotes

Following the publication of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI's latest Encyclical Letter, Italian newspapers began again their polemics concerning Catholic Action and the relations between Italy and the Holy See. The discussions were more or less bitter, according to the personal opinions and tendencies of the editors. Extremists asked for the denunciation of the Concordat by the Italian Government, but were reproved in other Fascist papers, which declared that the expression of such a tendency was absolutely arbitrary and without foundation.

Among the most serene and moderate comments were the words of Arnaldo Mussolini, brother of the Premier, writing in *Popolo d'Italia*, the most authoritative organ of the Fascist Party. He concludes his comment as follows:

"We recommend that Fascists not forget that the Pope exercises his power through Divine mandate. To his eyes and those of Catholics throughout the whole world, in the face of history, of tomorrow, and of the certainty that one day he must render an account of his work to God, he never thinks himself vigilant enough in defending the rights of the Church when there arises a possibility of their violation. In regard thereto, we remember the exceptional severity used toward the artificers of Italian Unity after the taking of Rome. Then, time levels dissensions, corrects bitterness and perhaps is the very goodness of God which helps to overcome the adverse conditions of souls in a better atmosphere of comprehension and life. Meanwhile there exists dissension, and, although the two parties maintain a position of tension, we must maintain hope."

Osservatore Romano followed the polemics with a correction of the gravest errors committed by the adversaries of Catholic Action. It lamented the fact that the polemics in the newspapers developed without these same newspapers making the Encyclical known to their readers. Against an insinuation made by an adversary, the paper pointed out that the foreign dissemination of the Italian answer to the Holy See, was made by the Agenzia Stefani, and that the same communication was given to many foreign correspondents by the Foreign Affairs Office. *Osservatore* denied energetically the absurd story that an anti-Fascist plan had been sent from abroad to the Vatican, and had been taken under consideration by the authorities of the Holy See and the Catholic Church, among others Monsignor Pizzardo himself. This calumny has excited the indignation of all those who know the worthy prelate, and *Osservatore* declares that this babble is completely false, lacking any truth or shadow of proof.

Against other accusations *Osservatore* declared that in the Encyclical, the Holy Father wished neither to favor anti-Fascist, Socialist or Masonic passions abroad, nor to condemn the Fascist Party, but only

with pastoral charity to invite it to review and clarify some doctrinal principles.

The Secretary of the Fascist Party has announced that, in accordance with an order of Premier Mussolini, membership in the Fascist Party and membership in organizations dependent upon Catholic Action are declared incompatible.

Osservatore Romano, recounting messages received by the Holy Father from all parts of the world, publishes communications from the following: His Eminence, George Cardinal Mundelein; Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, O.P., Archbishop of Cincinnati; Most Rev. Francis J. Beckman, Archbishop of Dubuque, as leaders of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade; and the Catholic Daughters of America, assembled in convention at Atlantic City, N. J.

* * *

Because her heart and home were big enough for 10 children, instead of one, Mrs. Thomas Fitzgerald, a member of St. Veronica's Church, Ambridge, has adopted a ready-made family.

The clan Fitzgerald, from 6 to 16 years, call her "mother"—and mean it.

If the nine adopted children were hers by birthright, they could not be better loved or more warmly welcomed in the family circle, Mrs. Fitzgerald said.

And as for the hundred-and-one details of cooking for them, clothing them, kissing their bumps and joining their games, Mrs. Fitzgerald finds it's no more difficult with 10 than with one.

One of her daughters is from a foundling home. The little girl was abandoned in a Pittsburgh railroad station when she was only a few weeks old.

Two sisters are from St. Paul's Orphan Asylum—and because they would have preferred to remain in the home forever than be separated, "Mother" Fitzgerald adopted both.

Others are children whose parents died and left them homeless and friendless, or children who know no other mother and father than the Ambridge couple.

There is Catherine, 16; Betty, 14, the Fitzgerald's own child; Agnes, 13; Tommie Joe, 6; Jack, 6; Peggy, 6; Dorothy, 6; Patsy, 6; Anne, 6, and Mary, 5½.

The six-year-olds all started together at St. Veronica's Parochial school last fall—and were promoted with honors to the second grade.

Betty will enter Seton Hill College, Greensburg, in September.

Catherine and Agnes—the inseparable sisters—are in Ambridge high school.

"Every child is going to have a college education," Mrs. Fitzgerald said. "If we had not been able to assure this, we would not have ventured a family of such a size.

"Just as in most family circles there are some children who are talented and some who are quiet and some who are lively, so it is with the made-to-order family.

"Betty and Catherine show an aptitude for drawing. Tommy Joe

is a little comedienne, able to dance, sing and mimic.

"Anne is the star student of the house—and led her class as well as all her brothers and sisters in the first grade."

With ten gay conspirators at hand all the time, Mrs. Fitzgerald said there are no dull minutes in the Ambridge home.

If they want to play school, they can count on nine pupils and a teacher without ever going out of the house. If they want to put on a circus, they can have acrobats, tight rope walkers, clowns and toedancers. If they go in for drama, they have a good-sized cast and an understudy or two.

The Fitzgeralds live at 499 Merchant street, Ambridge. The father is a pharmacist.

* * *

An outstanding advance in Catholic Library activities was recently achieved in Philadelphia. The Library Section of the National Catholic Educational Association by resolution, unanimously accepted, dissolved itself and immediately founded the *Catholic Library Association*. This happened on June 23. The Association is equipped with its own Constitution and By-laws, and is distinct in its activities and policies from all other organizations. William M. Stinson, S.J., of Boston College, Chestnut Hill, Mass., was elected President; Paul J. Foik, C.S.C., of St. Edward's University, Austin, Texas, Vice-president; Peter J. Etzig, C.Ss.R., of the Redemptorist Seminary, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, Secretary; Francis E. Fitzgerald, of the Queens Borough Public Library, Jamaica, New York City, Treasurer. The purpose of the C.L.A. is "to initiate, foster and encourage any movement directed toward the progress of Catholic Library Work." All thus interested are eligible for membership. This annual membership is either institutional (\$5), or personal (\$2), both of which include a year's subscription to the *Catholic Library World*, the official organ of the Association.

* * *

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Gockel Burse, \$12.00; Father Nicholas Franzen Memorial Burse,	\$70.43.

Some Good Books

Matters Liturgical. The *Collectio Rerum Liturgicarum* of Rev. Joseph Wuest, C.Ss.R. Translated and Revised by Rev. Thos. W. Mullaney, C.Ss.R. Third Edition. Price, \$3. Published by Frederick Pustet Company (Inc.), New York and Cincinnati.

The new edition of this work, commonly known as *Wuest-Mullaney*, speaks for itself. It continues, as it began, to be an invaluable help to Priests and Seminarians. At all times a gift highly appreciated. Arrangement of *Matters Liturgical* now includes information on the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and its Octave. This inclusion has necessitated the change of the paragraph numbers. An *Appendix* gives the recent Instruction of the Sacred Congregation on the Sacraments. The last portion, *Additional Notes*, following the *Appendix*, recalls other important pastoral details.

The Heavenly Road. By Rosalie M. Levy (converted Jewess). Published by the authoress; P. O. Box 158, N. Y. C. Price, 25c.

This is the fifth and revised edition of Miss Levy's widely known booklet. The work has been written primarily to suit the mind of the Jewish inquirer; as such it has been admirably developed. However, it may be confidently offered to protestants, as a clear delineation of the immovable pillars on which the Catholic Church rests.

Miss Levy, after relating her own conversion, divides her subject into five parts: 1. A short history of the Jewish people as enshrined in the Old Testament prophecies. 2. The Life of Christ in parallel columns showing prophecy and fulfillment. 3. A short proof of the Divinity of Christ; He is the Son and Divine Lord of King David. 4. Christ's Mission—He came not to destroy the Law but to fulfill it. 5. The conclusions to be drawn from these considerations.

Finally there is given an appendix containing the names of about three hundred Jewish converts, many of whom have become priests and nuns.

The Book of the Holy Child. By Sister Mary Bartholomew, O.S.F., B.A., M.A. Edited by Dr. Edward A. Fitzpatrick, Dean, Graduate School, Marquette University. Published by the Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. 90 pages. Price, 64c.

"The underlying purpose of this book is to teach reading by establishing in the child's heart and mind certain fundamental truths of the Catholic Faith. It builds the pupil's attitudes, appreciations and knowledge around the personality of Christ-Child, and meets all the requirements of a modern reading course."

The book comes up fully to this announcement. We almost envy the children of today—when we compare this splendid little volume, so beautifully printed, so carefully edited, so richly illustrated—with the books used in our own childhood days. This is the kind of a book we wished to see in our schools this long while. We recommend it highly to all teachers of children in our Catholic Schools—and to the Catholic parents for the home.

Art Forms in Sacred Music. By Sister Marie Cecile, C.S.C., Mus. D. Published by the Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. 174 pages.

Sr. Mary Cecile carefully defines what she means by sacred music: "In the title of this book we use the term 'sacred music' in its commonly accepted meaning; that is, in contradistinction to the music called profane. The appellation 'sacred music,' in the strict sense of the word, implies only music used in worship. We have designated this particular division of religious music by the more specific term 'church music.'"

Thus defined, her subject covers a wide range. And yet she has carefully covered the whole field of the history of "Sacred Music" and compressed it, by judicious analysis, into a handy volume. It ought to be in every High School Library, to be used in connection with music classes and liturgical instruction. In fact, it makes a very good textbook.

Lucid Intervals

Non-smoking Host: "How do you like that cigar? Never smoke'em myself but I understand you can't get better."

Guest (feebly): "Well, I may be pessimistic, but that's just how I feel at present."

Wife: "Now George, I want you to make a nice sunken garden, with steps leading down to a darling little round fish pond and a fountain."

Husband: "O.K., and what are you going to do?"

Wife: "Oh I'll do my part all right, I'll go out and buy the fish."

As the railroad train was coming to a stop an old lady not used to traveling asked the conductor: "What door shall I get out by?"

"Either door, madam," he answered, "the train stops at both ends."

Who's that on the piano upstairs?"

"That's dear Marguerite; she's progressing by leaps and bounds."

"Um! I thought she couldn't be doing it with her hands."

"What's the difference between dancing and marching?" asked the girl of her clumsy partner.

"I don't know," he replied.

"I thought, so," she replied. "Shall we sit down?"

Landlady: Why have you put your tea on a chair?

Boarder: It was so weak I thought it had better sit down.

Diner: Here, waiter, tell the orchestra to play Carmen while I eat this beef-steak.

Waiter: Yes sir. But may I inquire why?

Diner: I want to hear the Toreador song. I feel like a bullfighter.

Barbasol: Is a chicken three weeks old big enough to eat?

Resinol: Why, of course not!

Barbasol: Then, how does it live?

"George Washington Tubbs," said the judge sternly, "you're plain no-account and shiftless and I'm going to send you away for a year at hard labor."

"Please, Jedge," interrupted Mrs. Tubbs from the rear of the court room, "will yo' Honah jes' kinder split dat sentence? Don't send him away from home, but let dat hard labor stand."

"How did you all got yo' nose busted?"

"I done slipped down an' plumb lit on my back."

"But, name o' goodness, sah—yo' nose isn't located on yo' back."

"No, sah, an' needer was Brudder Jones."

A minister had just married a young colored couple.

Bridegroom: "How much does Ah owe you, reverend?"

Minister: "Oh, pay me whatever it is worth to you."

Bridegroom (after looking his bride over from head to foot with adoring eyes): "You's ruined me fo' life, reverend—you shuah has."

Kidder: Well, Rastus, they tell me you're raising woodpeckers. What for, if I may ask?

Rastus: So's Ah kin sell 'em to de bootleggers to 'liminate de wood from de wood alcohol.

An old lady noticed one of those men who go around jabbing a pointed stick into scraps of paper to gather them up. Stopping beside him she said, kindly: "Don't you find that work very tiring?"

"Not so very, mum," he replied. "You see I was born to it—my father used to harpoon whales."

Spunk: How much is this Panama hat?

Clerk: Fifteen dollars, sir.

Spunk: Where are the holes?

Clerk: What holes?

Spunk: The holes for the ears of the jackass that would pay \$15 for a hat like that!

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